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VOL. 35.—No. 28.

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1857.

PRICE 4d.
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MADAME HENRIE (Contralto), **MISS STEVENSON** (Pianiste). Letters respecting engagements to be addressed to their residence, 13, Cleveland-gardens, Hyde-park, W.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE—Signor GIUGLINI has the honour to announce that his BENEFIT will take place on Monday next, July 13, on which occasion he will have the honour to appear in five of his principal characters.

Fourth Act of Verdi's Opera *IL TROVATORE*.

Leonora, Mdlle. Spezia; Azucena, Mad. Alboni; Il Conte di Luna, Sig. Bonaventura; Manrico, Sig. Giuglini.

The Last Act of *LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR*.

Lucia, Mdlle. Piccolomini; Bideben, Signor Vialetti; Enrico, Signor Belletti; Edgardo, Giuglini.

For the first time, last Act of Bellini's

II. *PIRATA*.

Including the celebrated "In Vendrai."

Imogene, Mdlle. Ortolani; Giuliana, Sig. Giuglini.

And the Last Scene of I. *MARTIRI*.

Including the grand duo, "Il suon dell' Arpe Angelica."

Paolina, Mdlle. Piccolomini; Poliuta, Signor Vialetti.

The Last Act of *LA FAVORITA*.

Leonora, Mdlle. Spezia; Baldassare, Signor Vialetti; Fernando, Signor Giuglini. On THURSDAY next, July 16 (an extra night), *IL DON GIOVANNI*.

The entertainments in the BALLET Department will unite the talents of Madame Rosati, Mdlles. Boschetti, Katrine, Signori Baratti, Ronzani, and M. Massot.

Applications for boxes, stalls, and tickets to be made at the Box-office of the Theatre.

MADAME SIEVERS has the honour to announce that her Second MORNING CONCERT will take place on Tuesday, July the 14th, at Three o'clock, at Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, under the especial patronage of Lord Ward. The Harmonicorde, on which Madame Sievers will play, is invented by M. Debain, of Paris.

MADAME UGALDE'S CONCERT.—Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, by the kind permission of Lord Ward, and under the patronage of their Excellencies the French Ambassador and the Countess de Persigny.—Madame Ugilde (première Chanteuse du Théâtre Impérial de l'Opéra Comique, Paris), has the honor to announce that she will give a Morning Concert, on Wednesday, July 15, 1857, at the above Gallery, commencing at three o'clock precisely, on which occasion Madame Ugilde will be assisted by several eminent artists. Tickets, One Guinea each, may be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street; and of Madame Ugilde, 52, Regent-street.

HER REICHARDT has the pleasure to announce that he will give a Grand MATINEE MUSICALE, (by the kind permission of Lord Ward), at the Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, on Friday, July 17th, 1857, to commence at Three o'clock precisely. Vocalists—Madame Ugilde (Prima Donna de l'Opéra-Comique à Paris), Mdlle. Westerstrand (of the Royal Opera, Stockholm), and Madame Heinrich Marschner; Herr Reichardt and M. Jules Lefort, Instrumentalists—Pianoforte, Dr. Heinrich Marschner, Herr Tedesco, Messrs. Osborne and Benedict; Violin, Herr Molique; Violoncello, Sig. Platti; Clarinet, Signor Belletti. Conductors—Mr. Francesco Berger and Mr. W. G. Cusins. Tickets, One Guinea each; to be had at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street; of Messrs. Cramer and Co., 201, Regent-street; Robert W. Ollivier, 19, Old Bond-street; and of Herr Reichardt, 26, South-street, Alexander-square, Brompton.

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28

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THE MAUD VALSE, by Laurent, was performed before the Queen, at the Ball given by the Prussian Ambassador last week, and, at the request of her Majesty, was frequently repeated during the evening. "If I rote" were wanting that even the sentimental songs of Bafle—owing to their peculiarly tuneful character—might successfully be turned into dance music. M. Laurent would have supplied it in this very pleasing waltz, which is founded upon the universally popular (thanks to Mr. Sims Reeves) 'Come into the garden, Maud.'—*Musical World*.

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THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, No. CCXV., is just published.

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- III. Marshal Marmont's Memoirs.
- IV. Social Progress of Ireland.
- V. The License of Modern Novelists.
- VI. Merivale's Romans under the Empire.
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REVIEWS.

"RUDIMENTS OF MUSICAL GRAMMAR." By John Hullah.

THIS is at the same time a necessary and a highly useful work. No doubt that Mr. Hullah, and teachers of music in general have, in their sad experience, met with very few pupils who understood anything about the fundamental principles of the art; they have found the fingers in pretty good order, and from long practice the notes are transferred to the piano, but that is all; time, measure, accent and tone are utterly disregarded. In short, the principles—the foundation-stone, have been neglected. In his preface, Mr. Hullah, after stating the object of the present work, concludes by saying that it is not adapted for the use of beginners, save in connection with musical practice of some kind, under the direction of a teacher. We opine that no objection can be brought against the use of this work under any circumstances; it will be found interesting even to casual amateurs, and is indispensable to executants. The "Musical Grammar" gives precise and lucid explanations of all the component parts of music, quite within reach of the majority of amateur intelligence. The articles on Time, Rhythm, Notations, Modes, Scales, are particularly well written. The chapter on Time Signatures will bring within reach of the meanest capacity an essential part of music much neglected and but little understood. The chapter on Modern Modes is lucid and satisfactory. We approve of the adoption of the Italian nomenclature: do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si, do, instead of the letters of the alphabet, more particularly in the study of vocal music, The theory of music is usually quite neglected by amateurs—they grope in the dark. Mr. Hullah's work will be found highly useful in this respect, and supplies a want. It will be equally useful to amateurs of all degrees; the brilliant young lady who showers forth her notes with such marvellous agility will feel more conscious of what she is about, and the incipient player, who fumbles over the notes, will feel his way in safety and build on a sure foundation. Mr. Hullah has rendered good service by this new publication, and we recommend it to all who feel interested in the cultivation of music.

HERR RUBINSTEIN.

(From the *Saturday Review*.)

At the third concert of the Philharmonic Society, Herr Rubinstein, of whose attainments as a pianist report has lately spoken in terms of no measured praise, gave a specimen of his capacity both as composer and executant. It would have been a wiser and safer course had he commenced, or rather renewed, his acquaintance with the public (for he appeared here as a sort of juvenile prodigy some years ago) through the medium of some composition of established reputation—a concerto of Beethoven or Mozart, for instance. A cool and impartial opinion might then have been formed of his executive talent. As it was, he played a concerto of his own composition, of which we can only say, that a work so uncompromisingly unattractive it was never our lot to listen to before. No snatch of melody relieved the monotonous weariness of this painful production, which appeared to us to be a sort of caricature, in some distant way pointing to Beethoven's *Choral Symphony*. There was a kind of summing-up of the several motifs at the end, as there is in the symphony. A most ghostly band this was—we thought involuntarily of Falstaff's review of his recruits, previous to the march through Coventry. Herr Rubinstein also played a *Nocturne* and a *Polonaise* of his own composition. Neither of these pieces indicated any remarkable originality of invention; but the former of them gave us by far the highest idea of the qualities of the pianist. It was smooth and flowing from beginning to end, and a remarkable contrast to the concerto and to the *Polonaise* which followed it, in both of which Herr Rubinstein showed a power of thumping and scampering over the fingerboard much more marvellous than agreeable. There can be no doubt that his powers of execution are prodigious, so great indeed as to promise to put into the shade the preceding prodigies who have astonished the world; but we might have been shown this without such an infliction as the Concerto in G.

HANDEL.*

(Continued from page 421.)

On his way to Dublin, Handel was detained by contrary winds at Chester. During his compulsory sojourn there, he wished to try over some of the pieces in his new oratorio, *The Messiah*. For this purpose he needed a person who could read music at sight, and a house painter, named Janson, was recommended to him, as one of the best musicians attached to the Cathedral. But it appears that the poor man's fame was greater than his ability. Janson made a complete mess of the matter, and Handel flew into a towering passion. Swearing in several languages at the same time, he exclaimed, as we are informed: "You scoundrel! tit you not dell me dat you could zing at zight?"—"Yes, sir," answered Janson, "but not at first sight." Handel burst out laughing, and the rehearsal proceeded no further.

He arrived in Dublin on the 18th of November, 1741, and announced in *Faulkner's Journal*, for the 8th to the 12th December, his first performance in these terms:—

"On Monday next, being the 14th of December (and every day following), attendance will be given at Mr. Handel's house in Abbey-street, near Liffey-street, from nine o'clock in the morning till two in the afternoon, in order to receive the subscription-money for his six musical entertainments in the New Music Hall in Fishamble-street, at which time each subscriber will have a ticket delivered to him, which entitles him to three tickets each night, either for ladies or gentlemen. N.B. Subscriptions are likewise taken in at the same place."

The same journal, for the 15th December, announced that, on the 23rd, *L'Allegro, Il Penseroso ed Il Moderato*, would open the first performance, "with two concertos for several instruments, and a concerto on the organ." The hand-bill of the fifth performance informs us, that "none but subscribers can be admitted, and no single tickets will be delivered, or money taken at the door." The success was very great, and Handel felt his spirits rise proportionately. From the 23rd December, 1741, to the 7th April, 1742, he gave two series of six concertos each, all of which were well attended, and brought him in both profit and fame.

After these twelve performances, *The Messiah* was produced for the first time, at any rate, in Dublin. We will not here stop to discuss the *rexata questio*—to which we may subsequently return—whether this grand oratorio had been previously performed, as asserted by some writers, anywhere else. Suffice it for the present to say that the work was given on the 13th of April, 1742, at the New Music Hall in Fishamble-street, Dublin, in the noblest of causes, namely, that of charity. The profits, which were to be equally shared by the Society for relieving Prisoners (for debt), the Charitable Infirmary, and Mercer's Hospital, amounted to about £400. Every one concerned gave his services gratuitously on the occasion. The oratorio was repeated, at the general request, on the 3rd June following, being "the last of Mr. Handel's performances during his stay in the kingdom." On the demand of "many persons of the nobility," Handel had given *Saul* in the interval, namely, on the 25th May, "with organ concertos, tickets half-a-guinea."

We may mention, by the way, that, at every important performance, the ladies were earnestly requested to come without their hoops, on account of the extra space those appendages took up. Perhaps a similar request with regard to crinoline would not be out of place at the present day; but we doubt very much if it would have much effect on our fair countrywomen. We do not know how the appeal was received by Handel's patronesses.

Handel's journey to Dublin was one of the most delightful and satisfactory episodes in his stormy career. He remained in Ireland nine months, leaving that country on the 13th August, highly gratified at the kind and hospitable reception with which he had met. The only thing he appears to have composed during the above period was a little piece for the harpsichord, under the title of *Forest Music*.

* *The Life of Handel*, by Victor Schäffer: London, Trübner and Co., 57, Paternoster-row.

In the Lent of 1743, Handel went to Covent Garden Theatre, for the purpose of giving six performances of oratorios by subscription, as he had done in Dublin, and on the 18th February produced his oratorio of *Samson*. It is a remarkable fact that not one of the London journals says a word about this season, during which were brought out, for the first time, *Samson* and *The Messiah*. The part of Samson was created by the famous English tenor, Beard, who began to sing for Handel in 1734.

Between the 3rd of June and the 4th of July, Handel composed *Semele*. He then commenced the *Te Deum* and *Anthem* for the victory at Dettingen, which were solemnly sung, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, on the 27th of November, 1743, in the presence of the king, and with the greatest success. The next work on which the immortal Saxon employed himself was *Joseph and his Brethren*, written in August, and given with *Semele*, at Covent Garden, during the Lent of 1744. It was after this that *Belshazzar* was composed. It was announced for the 23rd, the 25th, and the 26th of March, 1745, in the *Daily Advertiser*, under the title of *Belteshazzar*. Its present title was not bestowed on it until the 27th, the day of its first performance. Previously to this, between the 19th of July and the 17th of August, 1744, Handel had composed *Hercules*, announced as a "musical drama," in the *General Advertiser*, of the 1st of January, 1745, and engraved under the title of "an oratorio."

Handel now hired the Italian Theatre in the Haymarket, and, on the 27th of October, announced for the 3rd of November, "an oratorio called *Deborah*, with a concerto on the organ." The house must, however, have been but thinly attended, for, in the *General Advertiser* of the 5th of November, there is this advertisement:—

"As the greatest part of Mr. Handel's subscribers are not in town, he is requested not to perform till Saturday, the 24th instant; but the subscription is still continued to be taken at Mr. Handel's house, as before."

Handel's proverbial ill-fortune, however, still attended him, and he was compelled to terminate his season on the 23rd of April, at the sixteenth performance. The aristocracy were as inveterate against him as ever. He had chosen Lent, because all the theatres being closed, and every kind of festivity interdicted, he stood a better chance of attracting the public to his oratorios. But some persons of rank went out of the way to give parties, in order to draw away the world of fashion from the object of their hatred. Hawkins informs us that,—

"In the succeeding year" (1743), "he" (Handel) "had a slight return of that disorder which had driven him to seek relief from the baths of Aix-la-Chapelle; and, to add to this misfortune, an opposition to him and his entertainment was set on foot by some persons of distinction, who, by card assemblies and other amusements, at that time not usual in the Lent season, endeavoured to make his audiences as thin as possible. The effects of this association he felt for a season or two, in the course whereof he frequently performed to houses that would not pay his expenses."

Handel bore up bravely against the machinations of his aristocratic opponents, and, by rendering his performances as perfect as possible, strove to turn the victory in his favour. He engaged the very best artists, whom, according to Burney, himself a member of his company, he was accustomed to pay "not only honestly but generously."

All his efforts were, however, in vain. The scantiness of his audiences rendered it impossible for him to meet the claims upon him. All that he had saved out of what he had gained in Ireland, after the payment of his creditors of 1737, was speedily swallowed up; he was under the necessity of contracting new debts, and, about the beginning of 1745, of again suspending payment,—and that, too, in the very year when his fame was increasing more and more in Germany, and when he was elected first honorary member of the Society of Musical Science, founded at Leipsic, and limited to a small number of members.

(*To be continued.*)

HERR REICHARDT has announced a *Matinée Musicale* for next Friday, on which occasion he will introduce several songs by Marschner, and two new compositions (MSS.) written expressly for him by Meyerbeer.

MUSICAL LETTERS FROM FERDINAND HILLER.

II. THE MUSICAL FESTIVAL AT AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.

THE FIRST DAY—BEETHOVEN'S OVERTURE, OP. 124—"THE CONSECRATION OF THE HOUSE"—THE "MESSIAH."

The first day presented us with Beethoven's fugued overture, and the *Messiah*. I am not one of those who assert that there ought never to be a musical festival without a work by Beethoven; but if one is to be given, then we ought to have the right work in the right place. On this occasion, however (and, also, in the case of many other of the pieces at this year's festival), it appeared as if there was a wish to have only the names of certain composers in the programme, no matter whether the authors or the public were benefited by the compositions themselves. We know that Beethoven wrote the above overture in the "Handelian style," as far as he could and would write in any other style than his own—at any rate, there is no other orchestral work by him in which the inspired and inspiring creative power of that great man stands more in the background than in this one—there is no other calculated to produce less impression upon a large and mixed audience. Perhaps there would not be much to urge against it if it were placed before one of Handel's oratorios, of which it was considered no longer possible to give the *sinfonia*; but as the overture to the *Messiah* was (with justice) given, it was too much of a good thing to play, one after the other, two overtures of similar form, and if it was not thought fit to give some other work by Beethoven, the better course would have been to give none at all. The execution of the overture was, at the beginning, tolerably good; but Liszt took the fugued *allegro* in such an enormously quick *tempo*, that nothing intelligible could be made of it. It is possible that with a small orchestra, and with a close arrangement of the performers, the execution of the work may be clear with such a *tempo*—although its character must always suffer—but with such a mass of violins, and with an arrangement of the places where the executants at the back were so far from those in front, the effect could not be good. The performance was one long jumble, in which the principal theme, like a sunbeam from behind autumnal clouds, glanced forth here and there, and in which everything else was overpowered by the playing of four sturdy trumpeters, who sent forth their quavers as though they wanted to take the Malakoff by storm. The work, consequently, passed over almost without producing the slightest impression—but then Beethoven had been duly represented. What more could you desire?

The selection of the *Messiah* needs, assuredly, no apology: it is of all Handel's works that which contains the greatest number of magnificent choruses, and of beautiful *soli* as well. But it is rather an easy selection, and one of Handel's other works, such, for instance, as *Deborah*, *Joshua*, *Solomon* or *Jephtha*, not so frequently performed and less known to the public, would, perhaps, have been preferable. I do not, however, mean, by this, to express any dissatisfaction. I have not yet got so far as to think that the airs "require the accompaniment of the triangle and cymbals in order not to send the audience to sleep, and that they belong properly to the style of low comedy," or "that the whole work resembles the continuous tramp of an elephant." But still I am not so blind as to fall down on my knees before each separate piece, and to consider every antiquated passage admirable. Side by side with many of the most magnificent, most profoundly felt and most popular efforts, the *Messiah* contains a number of pieces belonging only too much to the time when they were written, without making up for this by aught that is everlastingly beautiful; these pieces ought to be omitted, so far as they can be omitted, without marring the effect of the whole work. This is done everywhere, even in England, where the *Messiah* constitutes, properly speaking, a part of the established religion. For the first time in my life, I heard the *Messiah* at the grand rehearsal at Aix-la-Chapelle, almost without a single omission. It is true that, at the public performance, this was altered—but for the worse.

With the exception of a few movements, indeed, almost of a few passages, Liszt conducted the *Messiah* with the calm of a Stoic, boldly looking death, or what is much worse, *ennui* in the face. "Cool to his very heart," as one of my most lovely fair young friends is in the habit of saying. I believe that the only pleasure he experienced was a little sentiment of spiteful delight at those passages in which the periwig style stands forth more or less undisguisedly. Convinced, as he well might be, considering how universally the work is known, that it would "go" almost by itself, he let it go—only not sufficiently, for his influence had a disturbing effect, and the most unknown musical-director would have been preferable to him at the conductor's stand. We know what a deadening influence the manifest indifference of a conductor has, especially on the orchestra and chorus; the solo singers, whose personal pride is concerned, are, naturally, less affected by it. I do not remember a single important remark made by Liszt to the orchestra, which, consequently, accompanied with tolerable correctness, but without the slightest delicacy or perception. The choruses, as I have already mentioned, were admirably drilled, and the unsteadiness, which was here and there apparent, was occasioned by the fact that Liszt sometimes attempted the modern system of drawing out and hurrying the time in one and the same piece, little as this is suited to Handel, and little as his magnificently planned music needs such petty helps in order to produce its proper effect. On account of the generally undecided and arbitrary manner in which Liszt gives the time, the commencement of the choruses was frequently not sure, while grave faults were committed by the orchestra. In several of the pieces, indeed, the conductor himself appeared not to have made up his mind as to the *tempo*, and one bar or more was necessary for the purpose of bringing matters into regular working order. Liszt often resembles a rider who, after having for a long period given his horse the rein, suddenly, and without any previous notice, applies the spur, or, in the midst of the most rapid gallop, endeavours all at once to bring the animal to a standstill. These are dangerous experiments, and it is always a lucky chance when they do not end badly.

In spite of all this, however, the execution was not positively bad—but it wanted spirit, energy, and exactitude. The choruses, "Behold the Lamb of God" and "All we like sheep," went admirably; on the other hand, those magnificent pieces, "Lift up your heads" and the "Hallelujah," were partially spoiled by caprice, while not one of the other pieces went with that freshness, liveliness, and clearness it ought to have done. The fact is, Liszt does not like this music—that is an affair he must settle with himself—but if he does not choose to devote himself to it, or if, perhaps, he is not properly acquainted with it, he should not undertake to conduct it.

But now, to come to the solo singers. I will begin with Herr Dalle Aste, of Darmstadt. He was to have sung the bass music, and acquitted himself well at rehearsals. His voice is especially strong and agreeable in the middle notes, and, though in many passages he appeared deficient in anything like a full comprehension of the music, the sensible, powerful manner in which he sang other portions produced an excellent impression. I must here, by anticipation, mention that Herr Dalle Aste sang the part of the Harper in Schumann's composition admirably, and especially in the ballad "Die drei Lieder," displayed true dramatic conception. This renders it the more to be regretted that he took no part on the evenings of the festival itself. After his first recitative, "a sudden hoarseness" prevented him from continuing; he omitted all the airs, and joined only in the pieces for four voices. The sudden hoarseness of spoilt singers, the sudden fainting fits of sensitive ladies, and the sudden pecuniary embarrassments of *chevaliers d'industrie* are things which defy analysis. But the *Messiah* suffered as severely from these unintentional omissions as it did from non-omissions which were intentional.

An amiable *dilettante* from Amsterdam, whose name was not communicated to us (but I know it for all that) sang the alto part. I am prejudiced in her favor, for she sang last year in her native town the mezzo soprano *soli* in my *Zers-*

törung Jerusalems really very beautifully, and with the truest feeling. The airs of the *Messiah* are not favorable for her voice, and, in addition to this, she appeared somewhat embarrassed in the new world around her. Her excellent musical education was, however, constantly apparent, and her task was not always quite so easy as it looked.

Herr Schneider has long gained the sympathies of the Rhine-landers, having sung (with Jenny Lind) two years ago, at Düsseldorf, in the *Creation*, and, last year, at the same place, in *Elijah*. He is a real lyrical tenor. His beautiful, soft, and yet powerful voice, especially qualify him for songs which are "frisch, fromm, fröhlich, frei,"* besides possessing many other qualities not mentioned in the proverb. The tenor part in the *Messiah* is less suited for him than that in the other works just mentioned. He sang very beautifully the recitative: "Comfort ye my people," and was, likewise, most successful in many parts of the air: "Every valley." The air, "Thou didst break them," requires, however, rather the peculiar voice of the so-called baryton-tenor, and although Herr Schneider's *bravura* is thoroughly good and correct, yet he cannot treat Handel's passages, some of which are difficult, with sufficient freedom, in order to impart character to them, as the great vocal artists of the 18th century undoubtedly knew how to do. In such instances I should by no means look upon it as a crime, if the singer endeavoured to simplify many of these figures and adapt them to his powers, for it is very certain that these passages do not constitute the essence of Handel's music.

It is with particular pleasure that I have now to speak of Madame von Milde of Weimar, and, in order not to diminish that pleasure, the pleasure of unqualified praise, I will, in accordance with truth, hasten to observe, that the so-called quartet went, on the whole, rather badly, and, at times, with a total absence of co-operation. But Herr Dalle Aste was hoarse, and the general rehearsals occupied nearly the whole of the day. These quartets are properly choruses. Enough about them.

Madame von Milde, Grand-Ducal chamber singer, from Weimar, belongs to those artists whose talent is not at all proportioned to their reputation—only in her case we find the rare fact of a person's possessing immeasurably more talent than reputation. I do not begrudge Liszt the possession of her in his theatre at Weimar, and that is a strong proof how well disposed I am towards him, in spite of all my fault-finding, present and future. Madame von Milde is a true German singer in the sense in which the best musical patriots understand the expression. She possesses a most admirable method; the development of her voice, her intonation and her pronunciation are blameless, and, in addition, she has that gift of Heaven, which no education can bestow, a beautiful and peculiarly touching voice, warm feeling, and profound conception. The resplendent recitative: "And there were shepherds," at once won every heart for her. She sang the air: "He shall feed his flock" in a doubly admirable manner, as Liszt took the *tempo* most incredibly slow, while he took the arioso, "Behold and see," too fast to allow the singer the necessary development of tone. "But thou didst not leave his soul in hell," and "I know that my Redeemer liveth," were efforts which must have satisfied the requirements of the most severe critic just as much as they filled the layman with true delight. That Liszt afterwards allowed Mad. von Milde to sing the air, "If God be for us," in which the bassoon-solo—derived from Mozart, we may observe by the way—appeared to amuse him so highly, was one of the innumerable musical sins, for which he has rendered himself responsible at this Festival, and which must now, doubtlessly, be designated by his adherents as so many heroic deeds. But to Madame von Milde do I send my thanks and those of my friends who were present, for the sweet and never-to-be-forgotten moments she procured us. Her tones still re-echo in my soul, and I would sing her praise in the most beautiful verses, if I could manage to write any. She may, however, be content with the success she achieved in Aix-la-Chapelle, for she took away with her more hearts than bou-

* Fresh, holy, joyous, free.

quets—and that is really saying not a little. I will, however, come to a conclusion, otherwise I should never end. Meanwhile, forgive my enthusiasm—it is a fault into which, on this occasion, I shall not have many other opportunities of falling. But I will not promise too much—if Mad. von Milde only sang again on the third day!

FERDINAND HILLER.

VIVIER—ROSSINI—LAMARTINE.

(From French Papers.)

MIRACLES have not all taken flight with Mr. Douglas Home. Among other magicians, we have Vivier with his enchanted horn still left us.

I am acquainted with some worthy people who are very seriously of opinion that Vivier has lodged in his instrument a familiar demon, who blows at the same time he himself does. This is, perhaps, the most sensible explanation of his prodigious sonority. If it is the only one, it must, at any rate, be the best.

Vivier has played, in the course of the same week, at the houses of two men of genius; once at that of Rossini and once at that of M. de Lamartine. The author of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* is preparing to thank him by a royal gift. He is composing two new melodies for the horn that enchanted him.

Perhaps they will be executed at M. Vivier's approaching concert, which will, probably, take place at the end of the month, although all the papers announce the fact.

With regard to the departure of the celebrated horn-player for the United States, I should like to think it is definitely postponed. The New World possesses Mr. Home; let it leave us Vivier.

Vivier played, then, last Monday, to a select circle at M. de Lamartine's. The great symphonist of *Jocelyn* was in ecstasies at hearing such music, the sister of his own poetry, and it was as a brother that he manifested his gratitude to Vivier.

He knows how the latter worships his old mother. The day after his party, M. de Lamartine visited her, at the Batignolles, and expressed to her, with all the warmth of his heart, and all the eloquence of his lips, the admiration he felt for her son's talent.

Vivier's mother trembled with joy at hearing the great orator and great poet celebrate her son. Vivier, too, in his turn, almost wept when he learned what direction Lamartine's inspired gratitude had adopted.

A great artist, Vivier, the Paganini of the horn, has just achieved a victory unequalled, save by that of Orpheus; he has rescued Eurydice from the realms of sleep; he has said to the Impossible: "Thou shalt become possible!" and the Impossible has obeyed. We may now expect anything. Vivier has played on his lyre before Rossini. At first the divine master condescended to listen; a smile next lighted up his countenance; and, lastly, he underwent twenty minutes of happiness, while listening to the cascade of golden notes which fell from Vivier's lips. But happiness ought to be paid for. Kings have a civil list, but Rossini is much richer when he wishes to pay an artist. Bank notes do not circulate among demi-gods. Rossini took up his old pen of 1834, that pen which has been idle since *Guillaume Tell*, and wrote Vivier two songs for the horn! and what songs!! You know how the divine master handles the admirable instrument made of brass and gold! You are acquainted with the moving fanfares in the *Lady of the Lake*, and with the adorable and languishing passages in the overture of *Semiramis*, and in the sextet of the *Oath of Babylon*? Well, as he could not write anything better for Vivier, he has composed something that equals these melodious marvels. It would be impossible to describe Vivier's joy! It is the madness of happiness! He even keeps forgetting, every instant, to be witty; he spends whole hours in caressing the two diamonds, and in bathing them with tears of delight; I simply relate what I have seen. Happy Public, it will soon be your turn!

A. MERY (*La Presse.*)

HINTS TO MUSICAL MISSES.

(From the Englishwoman's Review)

Of course in this wondrous age of ours everybody is expected to sing scientifically, and to play, moreover, upon some musical instrument. You are, therefore, almost sure to be called upon for a specimen of your abilities at every party you attend. When asked, comply at once; by so doing an error you may make will be the more readily overlooked. One apology such as this—"I will readily comply with your wishes, but I must claim your extreme indulgence," is worth more than a bushel of those stereotyped excuses which affected young ladies are always well supplied with. If you sing, do so without grimaces. A really simple thing to do, a thousand tongues will answer. A very powerful contradiction appears, however, in the fact that many of our greatest, or at any rate *most popular*, singers, pull shocking faces while charming the spell-bound audiences with their silvery tones. Put a looking-glass before you when you are singing at home, and you will scarce credit that that smiling, dimpled face could ever have looked so crabbed. Practise your voice three or four times daily, not longer than a quarter of an hour each time. As to what to practise, I should recommend scales, to the syllable "Ah," and secondly, songs, which must be good. In your choice, steer clear of that palsied, lackadaisical, rubbish which now floods every sentimental cabinet. Handel, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, are not yet exhausted, and when they are, the roll of illustrious names is not small. Sing words the import of which you know, whether they be Italian, English, or French, which for singing purposes I thus rank in order. Enunciate as you would in speaking, being careful to pout out the lips for o's and oo's, to have a mouth in a smiling position for ah's, and the lips and teeth properly closed for e's and all such closed tones. Sing with freedom and true expression, the former obtain by diligent practice, and the latter by a proper appreciation of the words. Do not breathe audibly, nor imitate the duck in the storm, by turning up the white of your eyes. Attempt nothing in a mixed company but what you are perfect in, and perform all from memory, which, if a poor one, you can improve by exercising more freely. It is improving to attend carefully to the execution of the great artists; you get by so doing notions of style, which might otherwise never enter your mind. Accompany yourself at the piano, if possible, for it is seldom you meet with another person who *feels* the music as you do yourself. If you join in duet, be careful not to drown your fellow singer, and do not indulge in florid passages to the detriment of both music and singer. If you have the slightest cold cease your daily practice; and if you wish to rid yourself of a hoarseness, take a little rum with the drippings from bacon in it (infallible), and *talk very little*. (There ladies, what do you think of those two remedies?)

If you play, do so without exaggerated motions. Sit gracefully, but not stiffly; sufficiently high to allow your fore arm to incline downwards from the elbow to the keys. Keep your hands in a rounded position from the wrist, and never let your thumb fall below the key-board. Use sparingly the pedals, for they are better left alone than wrongly used. Banish that engulphing thought which swells the ambitious bosom of many a brilliant player of the present day, and which (there is every prospect of seeing realised) will lead them to victory, namely, the surpassing of Anderson and Bosco in feats of legerdemain. Music it is not, and every devout worshipper of Apollo will not let petitions and anathemas suffice, but will put a shoulder to the wheel to uproot it. Do not attempt to scramble over every key the piano possesses in less time than it would take a phlegmatic man to sneeze in, nor yet torture the poor keys after the fashion of a Rubenstein. Give me a legato "Lied" of Mendelssohn, or a refined accumulation of heaven-born chords of Beethoven, to all the double-dotted semiquaver "splash" of a thousand Rubinstein. Play nothing in public but what you are sure of. Confidence is one-half the playing. A sure way of getting this is by playing as often as convenient before a few select friends at home; there you have an opportunity to detect weak points. These you should build up into strong ones by incessant application. Nothing will be done without *this*, you may depend.

The best way to conquer difficulties is to meet them boldly, attack them, and conquer them.

Yesterday the writer practised ten hours, two of which were spent upon a single phrase about two lines long. Commence your practice with scales every morning. (Pleasant!) This will supple the joints and invigorate them for what is to follow. Three or four hours most masters advise as the daily amount of work at the piano: but I find it an excellent plan to play till nature tells me to stop. After your head has ceased to play, allow your fingers the same privilege, for if the head does not work with the fingers it is yet waste of time to remain at the piano. Be careful to sit with an erect back, as round shouldered players are by no means uncommon.

I should be very sorry to make a slave of any lady; but experience has taught me that to play in any sort of a passable manner, long, diligent and careful practice is indispensable.—J. G. T.

A LETTER ADDRESSED TO M. VIVIER,
FOR HAVING PLAYED AT TWO CONCERTS FOR THE POOR AT DIJON.

Dijon, 14th March, 1857.

SIR,—Allow me to express to you our gratitude for what you have condescended to do for our poor during your stay at Dijon. We should have felt happy to express our gratitude orally: your too sudden departure, however, deprived us of that consolation.

But our prayers and good wishes, at least, accompanied you, and will henceforth always do so; your name will be inscribed in the book of our order, that the sisters who shall come after us may continue to pray for their generous benefactor. That God may abundantly reward, sir, your charity, by showering upon you abundantly his benedictions, and that your name may stand for ever in the book of life, such is the prayer we offer up for you to our common Father. We once more beg to express to you our gratitude and respect. Your very humble servant,

SISTER MARIE PAUL,
Petite Sœur of the Poor.

DOMESTIC HARMONY.

(From *Punch*.)

It is now some years since *Il Fanatico per la Musica* can have been performed—and *Notes and Queries* only knows whether it ever was performed—in this country; but that the hero of the opera has a representative in actual life, is obvious from the subjoined advertisement extracted from the *Musical Times*:

WANTED A COACHMAN, a man having a tenor voice and fair knowledge of music, so as to be able to take part in a choir, preferred. Also, a boy, to milk and take charge of cows; he must have a good voice. Apply, —, Library, Walton, Norfolk.

A tenor voice may be an excellent thing in a coachman, but will, perhaps, in the opinion of most people, be a recommendation of secondary importance to a faculty of driving, enabling him, when on duty, to keep the even tenor of his way. We cannot well conceive any use for a musical coachman, as coachman, except that of singing an additional part, which Rossini might please to write for the performer who appears on the box of the heroine's carriage in *La Cenerentola*. A musical cowboy can be the want of none but an extremely Arcadian mind. Perhaps the choir, in which the coachman, and presumably the cowboy also, are desired to take part, is an ecclesiastical one: whence we hopefully infer that the musical coachman will occupy a seat in the singing gallery of the church at Walton, and not the box of the coach in which he has conveyed his employers to the sacred edifice.

NATURE PRINTING.—We understand that the King of Prussia has presented Mr. Henry Bradbury, of the firm of Bradbury and Evans, with the large Prussian gold medal, in recognition of his efforts to establish the art of nature printing in this country.

THE DRAMA DEFINED.

To the *Editor of the Musical World*.

SIR,—A day since I had the pleasure of meeting with a celebrated basso profundo, and for two hours I was happy enough to converse with him. I find that he is not only an able singer, but a deep philosopher; one who can not only take his third in a glee, but also his first in a scientific discussion.

The subject of conversation was the stage and its literature.

The celebrated basso boweler was kind enough to favor me with his opinions on dramatic productions generally; and so clever were the definitions he obliged me with, that I cannot refuse myself the enjoyment of forwarding them to you.

"Drama are my opinions and judgments surely," said the Herr, "vich I will explain most certainly:—

"Gomedy—Sensations and gomversations.

"Drama—Sentiments, surely.

"Dragedy—Subscription of a dime vich was bassed, to bring the audience in the dime ven the fact dook blace. Derfore, you not have so many dragedy blayers. Surely. Yes."

I am, Sir, &c., &c.

GOOSE.

N.B.—Do you agree with these definitions of Herr Formes?

MADAME SCHUMANN.

(To *Punch*.)

"ON Tuesday," (says the *Athenaeum*—'ante' 859) "that meeting of the *Musical Union* took place, called the 'Grand Matinée,' by Mr. Ella, at which one or two extra pieces of instrumental music are given, and a singer appears. This afforded us our opportunity of taking leave, for the year, of Madame Schumann, who read her share of Beethoven's 'Kreutzer' sonata in her best style—reading finer, larger, or more just, indeed, could not be wished. It is, possibly, some consciousness of her pre-eminence among women in this high quality which leads Madame Schumann to overlook clearness and certainty of execution,—which again, were sometimes wanting on Tuesday. She is, we think, happier as a *solo* player than in concerted music, being in the latter sometimes less willing to wait upon and to concede to her associates than one of a company should be. To sum up:—*She is the greatest of female players*—A LITTLE OUT OF ORDER."

MADILLE. RACHEL.—"The next day (says the Paris correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge*) a gentle rain refreshed the atmosphere, cooled our heads, and other things were talked about; Madille, Rachel, and Madille, Brohan were respectively the themes. The latter will soon make her *entrée*, and that will be uncontestedly a Parisian event. With respect to Madille, Rachel she lives at Montmorency, which is the principal thing known about her. In the winter, some say that she will fix her residence in Paris, some in the South of France, while others send her all the way to Egypt. A few devoted admirers of Melpomene still cherish the hope of seeing her again on the stage, which, however, to say the least, is doubtful.

THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION AND DR. HEINRICH MARSCHNER.—The recommendation given in our last week's number of the *Musical World* was carried out by the Vocal Association, who received Dr. Heinrich Marschner on Tuesday evening last, at the Music Hall, Store-street, to confer the distinction of honorary membership on that celebrated composer. The Association mustered in large numbers, and displayed an enthusiasm which did them great credit. Dr. Marschner was introduced to the meeting by M. Benedict, who spoke in the highest terms of him as a composer, and was delighted to hold out the right hand of fellowship, and to give him a hearty welcome as an honorary member of the Vocal Association. In reply, Dr. Marschner expressed the great pride he felt in being privileged to attend the meeting that evening, and on his return to Hanover he would show them how much he appreciated their kindness and attention in the most practicable way he could, by composing some pieces of music expressly for the use and performance of the Vocal Association. Hearty cheers followed this announcement, which continued until the learned doctor had left the building.

THEATRE ROYAL, HAYMARKET. — This evening, and Monday and Tuesday in next week, A COMICAL COUNTESS. VICTIMS. THE FIRST AND SECOND FLOOR. To conclude with A BALLET. On Wednesday, a performance in Remembrance of the late Douglas Jerrold. Commence at 7.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—This evening,
THE CUSTOMS OF THE COUNTRY; THE FAIRY CIRCLE; and
LATEST FROM NEW YORK. Commence at 7.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE. — This evening,
THE TEMPEST; preceded by A FARCE. Commence at 7.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—This evening, ALL IN THE WRONG; and the new burlesque, MASANIELLO. Commence at half-past 7.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. F. LONGFELLOW.—“*Con sordini*” implies the use of the soft pedal; “*senza sordini*” the opposite.

Goose.—Any contributions from the same pen will be welcome.

AMATEUR.—The original members of the "Quartet Production Society" at Vienna, were Herren, Schuppanzich, Jansa, Holz, and Lincke. Herr Jansa has settled in England.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 11TH, 1857.

If a sign of the times were wanting to compensate in some manner for the spread of a false and trivial taste, and to justify a hope that the encroachments of Herr Wagner and Co. might be ultimately arrested, it would be found in the reviving love for such music as that of Bach and Handel. Of the latter enough has been said lately; but a word or two about the former may not be amiss.

What Handel is to the concert-room Bach is to the chamber; what Handel is to the multitude Bach is to the student. Both are indispensable; and it is gratifying to find while performances of Handel's oratorios are becoming everywhere more frequent, that editions of Bach's works are multiplying. The influence of John Sebastian Bach upon his art has been universal. As an artist, simply, he is the king of all, and there is no so ready way to acquire profound musical knowledge as by a diligent study of his works. Passing over for the present, however, his great choral compositions, and merely regarding what he has done for the pianoforte, it may safely be said that all pure and perfect playing proceeds in a direct source from Bach, whose influence on the greatest masters must not be overlooked in any consideration of what they have effected. Mozart and Mendelssohn, the two greatest *legitimate* players in the history of music, were both thoroughly versed in the organ and clavier music of Bach. Mendelssohn absolutely worshipped him, and could remember nearly all his fugues; and who that ever listened to that close and rapid always equal and unerring execution could fail to attribute it as much to the great musician's early and familiar acquaintance with Bach, as to his own natural genius and aptitude? Mendelssohn has been heard to say, when the astonishing velocity, accompanied by equally astonishing correctness, of his performance was commented upon (before a *virtuoso* of the modern school, by the way, who could play Thalberg, and even Liszt, but nothing better)—"Ah, you should go to Bach—Bach is the master of players." And Mendelssohn was right.

The spirit of Bach is evident in all the genuine pianoforte composers. Clementi, Dussek, Wölff, and their brilliant contemporaries, one and all, were imbued with it; and, hence, in a very great measure, proceeded the purity of their play.

From what principles were derived the *Gradus* of Clementi, and the Studies of John Cramer—the most masterly elementary works ever bequeathed to the world, and which have formed a multitude of pianists—if not upon those inculcated in the imperishable writings of Bach, who, from his secluded chamber at Leipsic laid the solid foundations upon which the art of music is based? Those principles Handel—a mightier genius, no doubt, but neither so industrious nor always so conscientious a workman—seemed to possess by instinct.

That all the really great masters of the pianoforte were expert in playing fugues, is beyond question. The practice of fugue teaches every finger, as it were, the art of phrasing—besides bringing with it that invaluable gift of equality, in default of which fine (we mean *pure*) playing is impossible. The increasing appetite for the music of Bach, which presents the largest number and the noblest specimens of fugue extant, is to be rejoiced at in these days, when so much charlatany flourishes, and so-called "*virtuosi*" think that to be able to execute their own compositions effectively is the beginning and end of pianism. The more such music is encouraged and taught by masters, the better chance is there for the good school ultimately triumphing. And if the mechanical facility to which they lead alone be taken into account, that surely ought to have its influence; for after all, what is the use of the mind willing unless the finger can obey? Some famous *maestro di canto* in Italy is said to have made a favorite pupil study six particular *solfeggi* during the whole period of his pupillage, and when they were thoroughly mastered, to have dismissed him with these words: "Go—now you are a singer!" So might it be said with truth—"Master thoroughly six fugues of Bach, and you are a pianist."

MR. BUCKSTONE has achieved a triumph, which, we believe, is wholly without precedent in the annals of the stage. On the night of his benefit, which took place on Wednesday last, he delivered, according to his usual custom, an address, and the audience liked it so well, that he delivered it again on the following night. Imagine the *encore* of an annual address. It is as if one should hear of two new years' days in a single twelvemonth.

Mr. Buckstone is a celebrated orator. When the dinner of the "General Theatrical Fund" takes place on the Monday in Passion Week, the speech of Mr. Buckstone, as treasurer of the institution, is the grand event of the festivity. "What was Dickens's speech like?" "What did Buckstone say?" The answers to these two questions comprise all the information any one would desire to obtain respecting the annual gathering of the theatrical profession. So, on Wednesday last, though a new comedy, by Mr. Tom Taylor, was the substantial dish of the occasion, the managerial address was anticipated throughout the evening as a most luxurious dessert. Not a soul would have stirred from the crowded theatre without hearing "little Bucky's" address. And, as we have said, so successful was the address, that it was delivered all over again on Thursday.

Oratorical talent may go a great way, but with respect to Mr. Buckstone, we must say that he is always very fortunate in the subjects of his discourses. His post-prandial speech reports the prosperity of the Society of which he is so efficient an officer; his own prosperity was the theme of Wednesday's managerial oration. Now there is nothing in

the world that any play-writer, play-actor, or play-frequenter would more gladly hear of than the prosperity of Mr. Buckstone.

The play-writers bear the fact imprinted on their grateful hearts, that at the beginning of his management Mr. Buckstone preeminent distinguished himself as the encourager of native talent. Many a drama that seemed to have grown to the author's shelf as firmly as a limpet to a rock, was surprised to find itself endowed with mobility, and shone upon by rows of ignited gas. Native talent, to be sure, made a sorry figure during the patronage of the new Mæcenas, and never, possibly, was a series of worse plays produced than in Mr. Buckstone's early managerial days. However, the manager did his best. Loving his countrymen, not wisely, but too well, he gave his patronage where it had never been given before; and as this must have been a costly proceeding, he earned a very fair crown of martyrdom in the cause of the British drama.

The play-actors, and with them we would include the managers, justly regard Mr. Buckstone as one of those privileged beings with whom ill-will has nothing whatever to do. Actors are not greatly famed for mutual respect, and the success of one manager rarely causes another to burst into extravagant demonstrations of joy. But the whole profession personally likes Mr. Buckstone; and Mr. Buckstone likes the whole profession. The famous miller, who resided on the banks of the Dee, succeeded no further than in establishing a relation of perfect indifference between himself and the world. Mr. Buckstone surpasses the "jolly miller;" he has established a relation of universal affection. If any one told us that he personally disliked Mr. Buckstone, we should simply believe he did not know the meaning of his own words.

As for the play-frequeters, they all recognise in Mr. Buckstone an incarnation of hearty laughter, manifested for a period of years, the limits of which memory does not wish to traverse. No one in London can command the mirth of his audience so despotically as Mr. Buckstone, but no one has been less corrupted by despotism. Public favourites are apt to abuse their popularity and take liberties with their patrons. Not so Mr. Buckstone. Never did he disappoint an audience, or relax his efforts for their amusement. Never has he allowed his own power to interfere with the aspirations of a brother-artist. The motto, "Live and let live," is no where better illustrated than by the ordinary bills of the Haymarket Theatre.

Let us add the expression of our own good wishes to the noisy congratulations of Wednesday last, trusting that the alteration in prices will continue to work beneficially for the little Haymarket, and that the manager may have many seasons, exceeding, like the present one, the limit of 1,124 nights.

OPERATIC PERFORMANCES IN THE PROVINCES.—(Communicated.)—We understand that after the close of Her Majesty's Theatre for the season, a provincial tour will be undertaken by a company selected from the artists who have appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre during the London season, including Piccolomini and Giuglini. It is intended to visit Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Edinburgh, and Glasgow, the early part of August being fixed for the commencement of the circuit. The three *prima donne*, Piccolomini, Spezia, and Ortolani, will be of the troupe, which will also include Belletti, Vialetti, Rossi, Beneventano, and others, together with an orchestra and chorus. The operas to be given will comprise *Don Giovanni*, *Figaro*, *La Traviata*, *Figlia*, *Don Pasquale*, and *Il Trovatore*.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

On Saturday *I Puritani* and the divertissement, *Les Roses*, were performed.

On Monday Mdlle. Piccolomini took her first British benefit. Need we say, the house was crammed. The entertainments consisted of the second act of *La Figlia del Reggimento*, the principal artists being Mdlle. Piccolomini, Signors Belart and Beletti; succeeded by the last act of *Il Trovatore*, supported by Mdlle. Spezia, Mad. Albini, Sig. Giuglini, Sig. Beneventano, and Sig. Vialetti; followed by the last act of *La Traviata*, the principal parts sustained by Mdlle. Piccolomini, Signors Giuglini and Beneventano; to which, the ballet divertissement, *Les Roses*; after which, for the first time at Her Majesty's Theatre, the last scene from Donizetti's grand opera, *I Martiri*, including the duo, "Il suon del arpe angelica," for Mdlle. Piccolomini and Signor Giuglini; concluding with the second tableau from *Acalista*, for Mad. Perez Nena.

The novelty only remains to be noticed. The duet from *I Martiri* created a *furore*, and was encored with acclamation. Mdlle. Piccolomini's acting was transcendent. As a morning contemporary remarked, she trod the boards like a juvenile Pasta. It was one of the artist's greatest triumphs, and created a profound sensation. The duet will be repeated on Monday at Sig. Giuglini's benefit. At the end Mdlle. Piccolomini and Sig. Giuglini were vociferously called for, and on their appearance the stage was covered with bouquets, laurel-wreaths, and garlands, and two snow-white doves were thrown to Mdlle. Piccolomini. It was a repetition of the ovation of last October, when the two famous out-of-the-season nights were given, with the dove doubled.

On Tuesday *I Puritani* was repeated, after which Mdlle. Rosati made her first appearance this season in the divertissement from the ballet of *Marco Spada*, produced in February last at the Grand-Opéra in Paris. The divertissement consists of two tableaux, which, though very beautiful, afford one as much idea of the ballet as two loaves of bread would of a baker's shop. Mdlle. Rosati danced magnificently and exquisitely, and created an immense effect in a *pas de fusil* and a *tarentella*, which are among Auber's most sparkling dance-tunes. The divertissement was entirely successful, but everybody wanted to hear more of the music of *Marco Spada*.

On Thursday *Don Giovanni*, with the divertissement from *Marco Spada*.

The coming week will bring the subscription to a close. Monday evening is devoted to the benefit of Signor Giuglini, on which occasion he will appear in no less than five different parts. Of these one will be a first appearance, and the remaining series will be selected from the operas of *Il Trovatore*, *Lucia*, *I Martiri*, and *La Favorita*. *L'Elisir d'Amore* is the work selected for Tuesday, the principal performers being Piccolomini, Rossi, Belletti, and Belart, and the first appearance of Marie Taglioni is fixed for the same day. On Thursday *Don Giovanni* will be repeated. The opera will be followed by a ballet, in which Marie Taglioni will sustain the principal part. The last night of the season will be on Saturday, when one of the favorite operas, in which Piccolomini and Giuglini appear, will be presented.

[Another suggestion.—Why not Rossini's *Italiana in Algeri*, with Albini, Ortolani, Giuglini, Belletti, and Vialetti?]

MR. BLAGROVE'S THIRD QUARTET CONCERT on Wednesday evening, the 1st inst., was as successful as the two former. Mr. Blagrove played with M. Sainton—one of Spohr's concertante duets for two violins—and Beethoven's pianoforte quartet in E flat, with Madame Oury, M. Sainton, Mr. R. Blagrove, and Signor Piatti—"Three impromptus" of his own composition—and Mendelssohn's stringed quartet in D major, with M. Sainton, R. Blagrove, and Sig. Piatti, in all of which he sustained his high reputation. In addition to the above pieces Signor Piatti played a fantasia on the violoncello, and Madame Oury her popular fantasia, "La Traviata," in so effective a manner that a unanimous encore was awarded her. Herr Ganz accompanied the solos.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

On Saturday *La Traviata* was given with the divertissement *Terpsichore*.

On Tuesday, *La Favorita* for the last time this season, the incidental dances being executed by Mdlle. Plunkett and the *corps de ballet*.

The long promised *Fra Diavolo*, adapted to the Italian stage, with additions and modifications by MM. Scribe and Auber, the author and composer, was brought out on Thursday night in presence of a crowded audience, and with complete success.

As *La Miette de Portici* made the reputation of M. Auber at the Grand-Opéra, so *Fra Diavolo* confirmed it at the Opéra-Comique. These remarkable works, had he written no other, would have sufficed to place him at the head of the French school of composers; but he has since maintained that high position through a series of brilliant productions, only surpassed in beauty and variety by the operas of his great contemporary, Rossini, to whom, although wholly unlike in style, he has been justly compared in fertility;—the proviso being allowed for, that while the Italian finished his career before he had reached the age of 40, the Frenchman is still active and producing at past 70. Of all the amusing books with which M. Scribe has supplied his eminent compatriot, and enriched the repertory of the Opéra-Comique, not one is more happily constructed, fuller of incident, or better fitted for musical treatment than *Fra Diavolo*; and the wonder is that long before now it had not found its way in some convenient shape to the Italian stage. Besides its other characteristics, the music has the merit of being essentially vocal; every character is a singing character; and now that the dialogue is turned into accompanied recitative (as in the instance of Meyerbeer's *Étoile du Nord*), the opera may be said to be naturalised Italian, and we are much mistaken if it is not destined to hold permanent possession of the boards. It had previously delighted thousands, and run a prosperous career in a German and an English dress, and nothing but this was wanted to consummate its European triumph.

We are spared the task of describing the plot of *Fra Diavolo*, which must be as familiar to our readers as that of the *Beggar's Opera*; and with reference to its delicious music we have only to state what M. Auber has done to prepare it for its new mission. In addition to the accompanied recitatives into which the spoken dialogue of the French opera has been converted, to suit the exigencies of the Italian stage, some new *morceaux* have been written expressly by the composer, some modifications made in the concerted pieces, and one air interpolated from an old opera. In the first act a new comic descriptive song has been introduced for Lord Alclesh (we use the English name—the Italian is Lord Roeburg), founded on the Rossini model; and a new trio for tenor and two basses, for *Fra Diavolo* and the Robbers. In the second act the grand bravura air from *Le Serment* is given to Zerlina, constituting the great vocal display of the performance for Madame Bosio. This, however, it would seem, necessitates the omission of the slow movement, "Oh, hour of joy," in the bed-room scene, and which the admirers of the opera will be sorry to lose—more sorry, indeed, than glad to gain the brilliant air from the *Serment*. In the last act the novelties are a short and pleasing duet for Zerlina and Lorenzo, and a *tarentella* dance introduced in the wedding *flée* scene. There are also some alterations in the finales to the second and third acts; but these are not very important. The recitatives are most masterly, and so well dove-tailed, as it were, with the music, that even those to whom the score is familiar could not always point out when the old dialogue is departed from. Of the novelties written expressly for the Italian revival, we may say briefly, that the comic air for Ronconi is composed with a view to the humour of that incomparable artist, and that he sings and acts it to perfection; that the trio for male voices is worthy of Auber in his best moments; that the duet for soprano and tenor is very charming, but somewhat *de trop* in the scene; and that the air from *Le Serment* was well selected for Mad. Bosio, whose vocal capabilities required more brilliant and telling music than Auber thought proper to give his original Zerlina.

Mad. Bosio's singing was exquisite. The music occasionally

is too low for her; but she has frequent opportunities in the opera for brilliant display—witness the quintet in the first act, and the song in the second act, "I'is to-morrow," with its sparkling florid passages; and the air from *Le Serment* could hardly be surpassed in facile execution and vivacity of expression.

Mdlle. Marai, as Lady Alclesh, did not apparently feel the importance of her part, and was somewhat ineffective in the first song and the duet with Lord Alclesh. Nevertheless, she displayed her usual talent and carefulness in the quintet in the first scene, and the trio in the bed-room, given to perfection with Mad. Bosio and Sig. Ronconi.

Fra Diavolo was impersonated by Sig. Gardoni with a great deal of spirit and animation. He looked, however, too juvenile; showed nothing of the brigand in his manner or deportment; and was dressed like a young Englishman prepared to go to a pic-nic party. His singing was characterised by great taste and expression, and he gave the serenade "Young Agnes," most sweetly, and in a highly finished—almost *polished*, manner.

As everybody expected, Ronconi "created" the part of Lord Alclesh. His entrance was the signal for a universal shout of laughter. He was sprucely attired in a full suit of nankeen, and wore a straw hat. He had evidently made up his mind to have a good "go in" for fun, and such was the effect, that the audience might be said to have laughed more than they listened all the evening. The well-known duet, "I don't object," was irresistibly comic. He made points on every word and every note. Every look was followed by laughter; every movement and gesture received its acclamation. While he was on the stage he was the cynosure of all eyes. No one else was dreamt of. It was Ronconi—always Ronconi—nothing but Ronconi. What matter if Auber occasionally suffered, was not Scribe improved? If *Fra Diavolo* had no other excellence, Ronconi would have made it attractive. To describe his humour is impossible. As well might one fix the shifting and ever-varying hues of the chameleon. He must be seen to be appreciated. There is one serious drawback to Ronconi's Lord Alclesh—henceforth no one will attempt to play the part on the English stage. Whoever next essays it will merit immortality for his boldness.

The two robbers never before found such absolute masters of the characters as in Signor Tagliafico and M. Zelger. Their make-up was irresistible. Signor Tagliafico achieved his greatest triumph in robber the first. He was worthy to be associated in the same piece with Ronconi. Although little by the side of the big Belgian, he was great both in his acting and singing. All the music in which these two artists had share was perfectly given. Nor must we forget Signor Polonini, the careful and clever, who, having little to act and less to say, as Matteo the landlord, did both admirably.

The band was irreproachable—the chorus up to the point of excellence, and Mr. Costa evidently went through his duty as a labor of love.

The new *tarentella*—or rather, *saltarella*—is most charming, and was danced famously by Mdlle. Plunkett, M. Delachaux, and the *corps de ballet*.

After each act the principal artists were called for, and specially summoned at the end to be received with volleys of applause.

MISS LASCELLES gave a *Matinée Musicale*, at Willis's Rooms on Tuesday. She sang Mercadante's cavatina, "Se m'abbandoni," "Ah, mon fils" from the *Prophète*, a new ballad called, "I miss thy kind and gentle voice;" the duet, "Quis est homo," from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, with Mad. Caradori; and Curschmann's trio, "Ti prego," with Mad. Lemmens and M. Desprets. The programme was strangely Frenchified, and comprised the names of Boieldieu, Auber, Adam, Henrion, Servais, Abadie and Clapison among the composers, M. Jules Lefort and M. Desprets among the executants. Miss Lascelles's fine voice was conspicuous in the air from the *Prophète*, and in the duet from the *Stabat Mater*. M. Desprets, a tenor from Brussels, new to England, made a very favourable impression. He has an agreeable voice and a good method.

MR. BENEDICT'S CONCERTS.

THE third and last of these attractive entertainments began with a very effective performance of Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, which was given entire, and in which, with one or two exceptions, the principal artists of the company at Her Majesty's Theatre took part. The solo singing was generally excellent, far superior, indeed, to the rest. Best of all were the duet, "Quis est homo," admirably given by Madame Alboni and Mdlle. Ortolani, and the contralto air, "Fac ut portem," which was sung by the first named lady with rare intelligence and exquisite taste, the full rich tones of her incomparable voice affording grateful prominence to every phrase of its beautiful melody. The other artists were Mdlle. Spezia, Mr. Charles Braham, Signors Giuglini, Belletti, and Vialetti, who all, more or less, distinguished themselves in the various solos and concerted pieces. The unaccompanied quartet, "Quando Corpus" (by Mad. Alboni, Mdlle. Spezia, Signors Giuglini and Belletti), gave entire satisfaction; but as much can hardly be said of the final chorus, "Amen," where Rossini has made one of his few essays in the fugued style. The introduction of an important work without curtailment imparted a certain dignity to this concert which in a great measure redeemed its otherwise very miscellaneous character. The lesson scene from the *Barbiere* again gave cause to admire the transcendent singing of Alboni, and to applaud her discretion in declining to comply with the encore awarded to the famous variations of Rode. Signor Stechi Bottardi, the new tenor, does not improve on acquaintance; but Signor Rossi's Bartolo is a decided improvement on that of Signor Beneventano. Of the Basilio of Signor Vialetti and the Figaro of Signor Belletti we have nothing new to say. The operatic scene was preceded by a very spirited performance of Mr. Benedict's "Festival Overture," one of his most brilliant and animated orchestral preludes.

We can only mention a few of the best points in the second (miscellaneous) part of the concert, which comprised as many as thirteen pieces of various orders of merit, and in which the whole company took part. Mr. Benedict's *Andante* and *Rondo* for piano and orchestra, an extremely effective piece, was executed with admirable skill by the composer. Signor Giuglini was encored in the new air of Signor Bonetti, which he gave at the previous concert, and sang, if possible, even better than before. The same compliment was bestowed upon Mdlle. Piccolomini and Signor Beneventano in "La ci darem," where the singing of the lady was as remarkable for sentiment and expression as that of the gentleman was formal. One of the cleverest and most interesting exhibitions of the morning was that of the Brousil Family, who—with their little band of stringed instruments and piano, all formed by themselves—performed the *Fantaisie Caprice* of Vieuxtemp in a manner equally to surprise and enchant the audience. The young lady who took the part of the solo violin, and executed it with an ease and grace which might have been envied by a thoroughly experienced adult, was the general theme of admiration. In the fluent and masterly duet, for tenor and bass, from Rossini's *Italians in Algeri*, Sig. Belletti's florid singing was faultless, and Sig. Belart strengthened the good opinion formed of him at the last concert; nor was this subsequently weakened by his manly and vigorous delivery of Rubin's celebrated "Vivi tu." Sig. Corsi gave a simple romance from Donizetti's *Furioso*, with a purity of style worthy unqualified praise. This new barytone decidedly improves upon acquaintance. "I am thine, only thine," the pretty ballad from M. Benedict's *Crusaders*, although sung with great sentiment and tenderness, is hardly so well suited to Mdlle. Piccolomini as the one from the *Bohemian Girl*; nor can we find much to commend in the specimens from a composer named Cuneo, respectively presented by Mdlle. Ortolani and Signor Giuglini. Much more welcome was a very elegant little romance ("Stornello Toscano") by Signor Campana, which was charmingly sung by Mdlle. Spezia. The performance of one of Döhler's *Nocturnes* by the Spanish child-pianist, Mdlle. D'Herbil, was much applauded. The house was brilliantly attended. Altogether, these concerts have afforded the highest satisfaction to Mr. Benedict's numerous and fashionable patrons.

HERR JANSA'S CONCERT.

HERR JANSA'S Concert was in many respects highly interesting. The quartet in B minor, composed for the famous Schuppanzich party, of which Herr Jansa was a member, and which was the first to try the later works of Beethoven in presence of the master (at Vienna), is very ingenious, and ably written. It was capitaliy played by Herr Jansa, Mr. Carrodus, M. Schreurs, and Sig. Piatti. An *Air Russe*, for violin with pianoforte accompaniment, admirably given by the composer, Herr Jansa; a *Concert-stück* for two violins, viola, and violoncello (splendidly executed by Herr Ernst, Herr Jansa, M. Schreurs, and Sig. Piatti), with orchestral accompaniments (conducted by Mr. Alfred Mellon); a motet, "Ave Maria," written for the Imperial Chapel at Vienna (for full band and chorus), and a Hungarian duet for pianoforte and concertina, brilliantly performed by M. Alexandre Bille and Sig. Regondi, were also highly favourable examples of Herr Jansa's talents as a composer. Seldom does a concert-giver produce so much of sterling worth from his own pen at his benefit concert. We have even yet to mention another motet, "Beatus Vir" (for full band and chorus), from a mass in C, which was quite worthy of associating with the rest. Herr Jansa is as industriously productive as he is clever.

As a violinist Herr Jansa's most effective display was in the well-known Kreutzer sonata of Beethoven, in which he was most ably supported by Herr Pauer. A polaca of Weber, from the energetic and brilliant finger of M. Alexandre Bille, was also among the instrumental features. The concert was varied by some attractive singing by Mad. Rudersdorff, Mad. de Bernardi, and Herr Von der Osten, and excellent *obbligati*, for clarinet and harmonium, by Mr. Lazarus and Herr Engel. The chorus was under the direction of Mr. C. Beale. The rooms (Hanover-square) were well attended, and the performances gave entire satisfaction.

CONCERTS.

HERR WILHELM GANZ, the pianist, gave a *matinée musicale* at the Dudley Gallery—by permission of Lord Ward—on Friday in last week. The patronage was high and extensive, and embraced a long list of noble and sounding names. Herr Wilhelm Ganz introduced a new *Fantasia* of his own composition on themes from *La Traviata*, and his *Mazurka de Concert*, "Souvenir de Wrest"—well-written and effective pieces; and executed, with Signor Bazzini and M. Paque, Mendelssohn's Trio in D minor, Op. 49. A new *mezzo-soprano*, Mdlle. Antonietta Mary, with considerable pretensions as a singer, made her appearance, and was favourably received. Herr Wilhelm Ganz was much applauded in all his performances.

A performance of pianoforte music by the eminent professor and pianist, Mr. W. DORRELL, came off at 21, Cumberland-street, Hyde Park (by permission of Mrs. W. Marjoribanks Hughes), on Monday morning. The programme was varied with some vocal pieces by Misses Whyte and Spiller of the Royal Academy, and Mr. Blagrove executed his new fantasia for the violin on airs from *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*. The names of the young ladies, pupils of Mr. Dorrell, not having transpired, we can only speak of the various *morceaux*, the execution of which was worthy of special notice. The first movement of Moscheles' concerto in E major displayed great neatness of finger in the young player, and real musical feeling. A selection from Professor Sterndale Bennett's "Preludes and Selections"—by, we believe, a niece of the composer—was also capital, and betokened considerable promise in the youthful executant. Osborne's grand duo, for two pianofortes, on airs from *Les Huguenots*, would have been irreproachable—and indeed displayed some very brilliant pianoforte playing—but for a slight "difference of opinion" with regard to the "time" of a prominent passage, which required all Mr. Dorrell's tact to rectify. The performances on the whole were extremely satisfactory, and all present were delighted with the exhibition of talent by the young ladies. The rooms were filled by a brilliant and fashionable assembly.

The Concert for the benefit of Mr. EDWARD LODER at Exeter Hall, on Monday evening, was, we are delighted to state, a bumper, and realised for the suffering musician a presentable sum. The programme was good at all points. The band was the Orchestral Union, conducted by Mr. Alfred Mellon. The principal singers comprised the names of Mesdames Ugalde, Rudersdorff, Caradori, Gassier, Weiss, Fanny Huddart, Herr Reichardt, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Sims Reeves; the instrumental soloists, Herr Ernst, Miss Arabella Goddard, Herr Engel, Mr. R. S. Pratten, and Signor Bottesini. We are not called on to criticise. The selection was excellent, and the audience extremely enthusiastic, nearly every piece being encored.

MISS SUSAN GODDARD, a clever and rising pianist, gave her annual evening concert, on Monday last, at the Hanover-square Rooms. The fair artist played Mozart's quartet in G minor, for pianoforte, violin, viola and violoncello, with Signor Favilli, Herren Goffrie and Feri Kletzer; with Mr. Benedict, Moscheles' "Hommage à Handel," for two pianos; Beethoven's sonata in D minor, Op. 29; and a study by Chopin. Miss Susan Goddard's neat mechanism and appropriate expression was fully exemplified in Beethoven's sonata, which was received with genuine applause. The quartet of Mozart also shows the young pianist to much advantage, and proved her an adept at *ensemble* playing. Perhaps the performance most liked was the duet of Moscheles, in which Miss Susan Goddard enjoyed the valuable co-operation of Mr. Benedict. Miss Stubba, a young lady new to the concert room, displayed a rich contralto voice, and sang the air from *Semiramide* extremely well. The rooms were quite full.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

A NEW and original three act comedy, entitled *Victims*, by Mr. Tom Taylor, was produced for Mr. Buckstone's benefit on Wednesday, and achieved an unequivocal success. The groundwork of the piece, as far as we know, is novel, but the characters are not free from reminiscences. The plot is founded on the position in which two married ladies are placed, one Mrs. Merryweather, a romantic lady of tender sensibilities, believing she is tied to a man who can neither sympathise with her, nor appreciate her—the supposed "victim"; the other, Mrs. Fitzherbert, a gentle creature, of lowly heart and humble aspirations, who loves with the purest faith and devotedness, a husband, who looks upon her as beneath him in intelligence and position, and treats her like a slave—the real "victim." The fortunes of the two ladies, so happily contrasted, are complicated with much skill, and the *denouement*, in which the wife on one side, and the husband on the other, are induced to see the errors of their lives, is brought about most effectively. There is a great deal of useless talk in the first and last act, more especially in the last, which compression would decidedly improve. The second act is a masterpiece of dramatic ingenuity, and would do no discredit to the most accomplished constructor of the French *drame*.

The characters in general are strongly and boldly drawn. Mrs. Fitzherbert is a creation almost worthy of the pen that drew Dora; and Merryweather, the honest, true-hearted, and confiding husband, that believes nothing to his wife's discredit, even when he sees what other men in his situation would receive as damning proofs, is a noble portrait, belonging to the highest regions of comedy. The part of Joshua Butterby, irresistibly played by Mr. Buckstone, is extremely well written, and constitutes the comic nucleus round which the other elements of humour congregate. Miss Crane, the betrothed of Butterby, is also depicted in forcible colours, and her masculine strength is well contrasted with the softer qualities of Mrs. Merryweather, both ladies being idolisers of talent and genius. In a three-act comedy, which involves a somewhat complicated construction, there is but little room for the development of character; Mr. Tom Taylor, however, has displayed great art in sketching the minor personages of his drama, and endowing them with distinguishing features. The Scotch political economist, who measures miles with a cabman; the metaphysician who talks transcendentalism, and relies upon Kant; the newspaper editor, who proffers his generosity, but refuses his guineas; are all

real portraits, and described, though briefly, with graphic power. In the dialogue the author is humorous, clever, shrewd, and telling, but hardly brilliant. Many situations seemed to offer rare opportunity for interchange of sparkling witticisms, but Mr. Taylor either did not or would not perceive them. He was content with a common sense view.

The new drama was received throughout with roars of laughter, and at the fall of the curtain with deafening acclamations; whereupon Mr. Buckstone came forward and announced it for repetition every evening until further notice.

After the *Victims*, the new and successful farce, *The First and Second Floor*, was performed; and after the lapse of a few minutes, Mr. Buckstone came forward to deliver his annual address. He was received with uproarious cheering, which lasted for some minutes. His speech was exceedingly humorous and full of point; but the parts which obtained most applause were the declarations that the season had an unparalleled run of 1,124 nights; that the theatre was in a greater state of prosperity than ever; and that he had renewed his lease for five years. Mr. Buckstone made his final bow in a perfect hurricane of applause.

LYCEUM.

THE "Donna Macbetto" of Mad. Ristori will most likely prove the most attractive of her characters, because numbers of honest Englishmen who care little for Alfieri, and nothing at all for Legouvé, will be anxious to see how the great Italian *tragédienne* treads in the steps of Mrs. Siddons. They will be able to test her by a really English standard, for *Donna Macbetto* is the proper Shaksperian *Lady Macbeth*—not a substitute hatched by the French or Italian brain. The tragedy has, indeed, been considerably abridged by the *poeta*, Signor Carcano, and the language of Shakspeare necessarily becomes exceedingly diluted when expressed in the tongue of the "Sweet South," but as far as character and situations are concerned, *Lady Macbeth* is the very personage whom Britons have agreed to admire for the last two centuries and a half.

Mad. Ristori is an actress on the thoroughly classical model, and the parts that afford her an opportunity for a statuesque exhibition are precisely those in which she shines the most. The address of Medea to the statue of Saturn, the triumph of Rosmunda, the virtuous supremacy of Camma, derive additional force from her admirable interpretation, and distinct pictures of all the characters are left strongly imprinted on the memory. She loves to drop into a *pose* at the conclusion of an act, and to let the curtain fall on a sculptural epigram. Probably no artist ever so much reflected on the *look* of the character undertaken.

There is no doubt that when Madame Ristori thought of *Lady Macbeth* she *saw* herself in the somnambulistic scene. The form rendered statue-like by the habiliments of night, the eyes fixed, the face of marble hue, the gestures rather mechanical than spontaneous, would, of course, present a most attractive combination to her mental vision. The execution of this scene is equal to the conception, and doubtless the figure of Madame Ristori draped as the guilty sleep-walker, will be eagerly caught by portrait-painters, and furnish the subject for a pictorial monument of her second engagement.

What shall we say of the rest of the characters—of all that goes before that mighty exhibition of remorse? We recognised a broad idea of a commanding spirit, conscious of its own superiority, and able to work its way with small effort, but many little subtleties that even an inferior English actress would have observed as means of effect, were by her comparatively disregarded. The passage in which *Lady Macbeth* declares that she would have brained her own suckling, afforded an opportunity for that mimetic description of which Mad. Ristori is so great a mistress, and this stood out from all that preceded and followed it.

The watchword of the classic drama is unity;—the watchword of the romantic drama is variety. For our own parts we would rather see Madame Ristori in one of her native characters, carved after the model of the antique, than threading the intricacies of the northern muse.

OLD BOOKS FORGOTTEN AND OUT OF PRINT.

No. I.

"OBSERVATIONS ON VOCAL MUSIC,
BY WILLIAM KITCHENER, M.D."

(WE present our readers with a reprint of the above treatise as a curiosity.—ED. M.W.)

MELODY is the soul of Music—Poetry* is the soul of Melody—the warbling of sounds without the distinct articulation of words—pronounced with proper accent and emphasis—does not deserve to be called singing: it is merely playing upon the voice—a *concerto in the larynx*, and comparatively as uninteresting as a frame without a picture.

The human voice, as a musical organ, is infinitely superior to any instrument—but as a machine, for playing musical tricks, is an inferior in capability of executing difficult divisions, etc., as it is in compass.

Few ears are more susceptible of the charms of music than my own; however, I still consider it as the varnish, and poetry the picture; some musicians have treated them so differently, one would suppose they considered the words† as merely blank canvas for them to display their varnish upon.

The poet, composer, and performer, originally were united in one person. Singing was not much more than speaking to a tune. *Musical notation* was not much more than marks for the proper accent and emphasis of poetry.

"The learned Kircher hath even gone so far as to suppose music to have been the offspring of accentuation."—*Webb on Poetry and Music*, p. 89.

Dr. Brown has treated on this subject at length in a very learned dissertation on poetry and music, wherein he has shown with great ingenuity, and by the clearest deduction from facts, how melody and song come, in the progress of civilised society, to be cultivated separately; and by what means, upon their total separation—the power, the utility, and dignity of music has sunk into general corruption and contempt.

In the older compositions, there is seldom more than one note to a syllable—the florid song full of divisions, etc., is comparatively a modern invention, and unknown till it became the fashion to separate the poet from the musician—and, in the progress of refinement, the composer from the singer.

"In regard to the comparison between ancient and modern music,‡

* "From that copious fountain of judicious elegance and tasteful imagery which sprung from the pen of that accomplished bard Metastasio, those great musical composers Porpora, Leo, Vinci, Pergolesi, Hasse, and others, seized as with an emulous contagion, and a kind of heaven-born enthusiasm, derived the greatest part of those musical beauties that render their works invaluable.

"This is an incontrovertible truth, where there is no poetry there can be no music, or, at least, no good music."—*Lyric Muse, revived*, p. 23.

† "There are two ways of setting words to music. One, is when the words are considered merely as vehicles for sound; the other, is when music gives a plainer expression to the sentiment, or a more forcible excitement to the passion of the words. In the first method, the voice is considered as a musical instrument only, and the words of no other use than to prevent a sameness of articulation; in the last, music is governed by the words, or, to speak more properly, they both unite to express sentiment, and excite passion."—*Jackson's Preface to his Twelve Songs*, page 1.

‡ "Those celebrated musical professors, of whom such pompous accounts have been transmitted to us, to wit, Mercury, Apollo, Orpheus, Pythagoras, etc., furnished the most powerful medicine, through the conveyance of their soothing songs, to subdue the ferocity of those savage, uncultivated people, fabulously represented by the poets under the forms of wild beasts and trees, as Horace understood the matter, and elegantly displayed those Parnassian Allegories; justly concluding that such or the like effects could not fail being produced when philosophers, poets, musical composers, great instrumental as well as vocal performers, were co-existent; that is, in short, when from a concurrence of finished parts, this art was shown in a true state of perfection.

"So much for antiquity. Let us give two instances among the moderns, of the power of music. A famous performer on the fiddle, born at Naples, and named Stradella, playing at a church in Venice, so far captivated the heart of a very beautiful woman, then under the

it may be the truth, that the moderns have deeper knowledge in the science, and that the ancients made a better use of the knowledge they possessed."

"Harmony makes almost an entire separation between music and poetry. De la Valle, mentioning the artifices of elaborate composition, says, 'It is unfavourable to poetry and the knowledge of what is sung, and it is sometimes impossible to discover the sentiment of the poet, and that which chiefly makes a voice superior to an instrument.'"—*Essay on the Improvement of Music*, p. 62.

"The respect for language and poetry, in musical matters, has so diminished, that music* has degenerated, from being the ally of generous sentiment and noble passion—and become a mere amusement—the pastime of an idle horn; the lyre has fallen from the hands of the instructors of mankind—to be sounded only by those who contribute to their recreation."—*Ibid*, p. 65.

However, it is not my intention to descant on the origin and progress of song—but to endeavour to restore music to that harmonious union with poetry, the separation of which has so long been deplored by all who have faculties to comprehend how great is their power when united.

Some of those musicians (in England at least) who have made the most beautiful melodies, were also poets, and often invented the words as well as the music—i.e., Henry Carey, Dr. Arne, Charles Dibdin, and T. Moore, etc., etc.

Some of our most favourite songs have been set by singers—Leveridge, Dibdin, Kelly, Braham, T. Cooke, etc.

To express the relative value of words accurately, elegantly, and effectively, "with good emphasis and good discretion," requires a very much larger portion of genius† than the invention of an overture or a concerto—which are occasionally produced tolerably good, by mechanical composers, who have no more of music in their mind than a ready recollection of the progression of harmony, and a facility, from habit, of apportioning to the several instruments their respective shares in the performance of it.

The construction of instrumental music is often a mere arithmetical combination of notes.

protection of a gentleman, that he soon became master of her person, and carried her off to Rome. The gentleman, enraged at such treatment, and violently determined on revenge, employed a wretch to set off in immediate pursuit to assassinate him.

"The bravo, being arrived at Rome, learned that Stradella was to perform at a certain church on a certain day; which being come, the commissioned ruffian took his station to perpetrate the horrid deed; but on hearing Stradella play, he found his temper so melted by the sweet sounds of the fiddle, that compassion triumphed, and he could not murder so excellent an artist; nay more, he communicated to him a private information of the bloody intention he had come upon, and wrote at the same time to his employer at Venice, that Stradella was gone from Rome before his arrival there.

"A second instance of the wonderful power of music, in our modern world, we owe to Signor Filippo Palma, born also at Naples, and well-known in London among the people of fashion, and musical connoisseurs. Being surprised in his house by a creditor, determined on his arrestment, Palma, without making any reply to the several reproachful invectives and angry menaces, which the other threw out against him; but by playing one aria, then another, still sitting at his harpsichord, not only calmed the fury of his creditor, but obtained his forgiving him the debt; and what is still more surprising, obtained from him either as a loan or a gift, ten guineas more to extricate him from another difficulty he was then embarrassed with."

* "The present age is characterised by a languid indolence; averse, even in its pleasures, to anything that requires attention to the mind. The ear instead of being the avenue to the heart, expects to be gratified merely as an organ of sense, and the heroine, poetry, must give place to the harlot—music: and when the latter has deigned to borrow the vehicle of words, she has shown, by her choice, that she has regarded poetry rather as a burden upon her exertions than an assistant."—*Introduction to the Rev. J. Plumtre's Collection of Songs*, p. 47.

† "Sentiments and subjects which have often been considered with languor or indifference, touched with the enchanting wand of oratory, make their ways to the heart and persuasively captivate the affections. A similar effect is produced by expressive melody; and it has the peculiar advantage that simple and regular strains may be easily transferred from one poem or song to another, by which means the musical composer's works may enliven the sentiments of future ages."—*Essay on the Improvement of Music*, p. 25.

That celebrated theorist, Mr. Baumgarten, told the editor it was as easy to write an *overture** as count that two and two make four—the composition of *melody* is the privilege of genius.

I have never yet seen a work on the subject of vocal music, i. e., beyond the mere rules of composition (on which Mr. Shield has given a most intelligible, an interesting book, his *Introduction to Harmony*), or which contains any plan for facilitating the adaptation of sounds—to words—therefore I trust that the scheme I have to propose will be received with that indulgence which is usually allowed to first attempts:—with all the attention that has been bestowed on the subject, I fear there will be too much occasion for me to bespeak this from my readers.

I hope that this essay will be useful at least in calling the attention of the composers and performers of vocal music to that consideration of the importance of the proper accent and emphasis of the words, which has been the foundation of the fame of all our very great composers and singers, and those who think that the proper pronunciation and expression of the poetry is the *chef-d'œuvre* on singing, will judge with candour the observations which are now submitted to them by an amateur, whose zeal for the application of song to the noblest purposes, has excited him to write down his sentiments on the subject.

When the incomparable Madame Mara took leave of me on her return to the Continent, I could not help expressing my regret that she had not taken my advice to publish those songs of Handel (her matchless performance of which gained her that undisputed pre-eminence which she enjoyed), with the embellishments, etc., with which she enriched them. This inimitable singer replied, "Indeed, my good friend, you attribute my success to a very different source than the real one. It was not what I did, but the manner in which I did it; I would sing six simple notes and produce every effect. I could wish—another singer may sing those very same notes with very different effect;—I am sure it was to my expression of the words that I owe everything; people have often said to me, 'Madame Mara, why do not you introduce more pretty things—and passages—and graces, into your songs?' I said, 'These pretty things, etc., are very pretty, to be sure, but the proper expression of the words and the music is a great deal better.' This and her extraordinary industry were the secrets of her undisputed superiority. Her perseverance in her endeavours to please the public was indefatigable. She told me that when she was *encored* in a song, which she very often was, that on her return home she seldom retired to rest without first inventing a new cadence for the next performance of it. Here is an example for young singers!!! The perfect approbation Madame Mara expressed of my observations of singing, encouraged me to write this little tract.

The manner is, indeed, all in all in singing—hear "the little siren of the stage," Mrs. Bland, warble one of her favourite ballads—let any other person sing it—you would hardly suppose it to come so mellifluous from one tongue, so insipid from another.

The same instrumental music, produced by different musicians, produces very different effects, although they each play the same notes, and play equally in tune and in time.

"Oh! how great a master is the heart! Confess it, my beloved singers, and gratefully own that you would not have arrived at the highest rank of the profession if you had not been its scholars; own, that in a few lessons from it, you learned the most beautiful expression, the most refined taste, the most noble action, and the most exquisite graces; own (though it be hardly credible) that the heart corrects the defects of nature, since it softens the voice that is hoarse, betters an indifferent one, and perfects a good one; own, when the heart sings you cannot dissemble, nor has truth a greater power of persuading; and lastly, do you convince the world (what is not in my power to do) that from the heart alone you have learned, that '*Je ne sais quoi*,' that pleasing charm that so subtilely passes from vein to vein, and makes its way to the very soul."

(To be continued.)

* "The preluding symphony to a piece, called its *overture*, is not so scrupulously attended to by composers as it ought, in order not to trespass against the dictates of taste, as the matter commonly handled might often be prefixed equally well to another subject. Let the tasteful artists, however, remember for what purpose it had been instituted—viz., to prepare the ears and eyes of an audience for hearing and seeing the representation of a subject with a warlike, festive, pastoral, or bearing any other complexion, and to be executed in such a manner as that it could not be misconstrued to any other purpose than that for which it was intended."—*Lyric Muse revived*, p. 31.

MADAME RISTORI.—We have been given to understand that Madame Ristori will not return to Paris next season. Pique, or a wise resolution, whatever the cause may be, it quite coincides with the conclusions we have arrived at, against Italian tragedy taking permanent root in Paris. Mad. Ristori has done enough for her own glory and fortune in captivating the Parisians for two seasons. She had no idea herself of the success that has attended her. All the honor is due to her own talent, for, considering Italian tragedy in itself, it is but slightly attractive. Madame Ristori, in the character of *Myrrha*, took the Parisians by storm. But an impression founded on surprise could not long be sustained, and the novelty over, its attraction was soon gone. Besides her marvellous acting in *Myrrha*, a part created by herself, and which belongs to her alone, Mad. Ristori in *Marie Stuart* and in *Medea* was but a reflex, translated into Italian, of Mdlle. Rachel, and whatever talent she showed in them, she had to fight against the disadvantage of playing the parts in a foreign language, for all persons prefer their own language to those of a strange one. Mad. Ristori has, then, acted wisely in retiring before she has lost her popularity. She will be wrong, however, in giving her retreat the appearance of a final adieu. A return, well managed, and at the right moment, ought to be still in her "mind's eye." It is true that another *Italian troupe* is announced for next season, but unless a superior genius than her's is among them, we think that the new comers will soon retire from the field.—*Paris Correspondence of the "Indépendance Belge."*

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Persons of a full habit, who are subject to headache, giddiness, drowsiness, and singing in the ears, arising from too great a flow of blood to the head, should never be without them, as many dangerous symptoms will be entirely carried off by their timely use; and for elderly people, where an occasional aperient is required, nothing can be better adapted.

For females these pills are truly excellent, removing all obstructions, the distressing headache so very prevalent with the sex, depression of spirits, dulness of sight, nervous affections, blotches, pimples, and sallowness of the skin, and give a healthy, juvenile bloom to the complexion.

Sold by all medicine vendors. Observe the name of Thomas Prout, 229, Strand, London, on the government stamp.

SCHWEPPES'S MALVERN SELTZER WATER.—To manufacture an Artificial Water, which shall be a successful imitation of the natural Spring, a perfect solution of the Chemical Ingredients is essential, and this can alone be effected by the aid of Pure Water. J. SCHWEPPES and Co. have, therefore, established a Manufactory for

ARTIFICIAL SELTZER WATER AT MALVERN,

and have leased the Spring of the Holy Well, renowned for its sweetness and purity. From the remarkable efficacy of this Water as a solvent of the Chlorides and Carbonates which form the ingredients of the natural Spring at Nassau, J. SCHWEPPES and Co. can produce a Seltzer Water possessing all those Chemical and Medicinal properties which rendered the original Spring so celebrated. It is prepared as an Erated Water, and may be recommended to the public generally as a most refreshing and delightful beverage.

SCHWEPPES and Co., Manufacturers of Soda, Magnesia, and Potass Waters, and Lemonade—London, Liverpool, Bristol, and Derby. Every bottle is protected by a label representing their signature.

TOURISTS AND TRAVELLERS

Exposed to the scorching rays of the Sun, and heated particles of Dust, will find

ROWLAND'S KALYDOR

a most refreshing preparation for the complexion, dispelling the cloud of languor and relaxation, allaying all heat and irritability, and immediately affording the pleasing sensation attending restored elasticity and healthful state of the skin.

Freckles, Tan, Spots, Pimples, Flu-shes, and Discoloration, fly before its application, and give place to delicate clearness, with the glow of beauty and of bloom. In cases of sunburn, or stings of insects, its virtues have long been acknowledged.

Price 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle.

The heat of summer also frequently communicates a dryness to the hair, and a tendency to fall off, which may be completely obviated by the use of

ROWLAND'S MACASSAR OIL,

A delightfully fragrant and transparent preparation for the Hair, and as an invigorator and purifier beyond all precedent.

Nor at this season can we be too careful to preserve the Teeth from the deleterious effects of Vegetable Acids (the immediate cause of Toothache), by a systematic employment, night and morning, of

ROWLAND'S ODONTO,

OR, PEARL DENTIFRICE;

A White Powder, compounded of the rarest and most fragrant exotics.

Price 2s. 9d. per box.

Sold by A. ROWLAND & SONS, 20, Hatton Garden, London, and by Chemists and Perfumers.

THE SONGS OF THE DAY.

MISS DOLBY'S NEW SONG,
 "TROIKA,"
 RUSSIAN DRIVER'S SONG,
 Written and arranged by
 H. SUTHERLAND EDWARDS.

Price 2s. 6d.

The post-louise lamp had died away,
 And in the fire expir'd the light;
 Strange vislons o'er my fancy play,
 And sleep o'ertakes my weary sight.
 A youthful driver rous'd at night,
 He sang'd in a dream, and slowly mov'd;
 He sang of eyes so beaming bright,
 The beauteous eyes of her he lov'd.
 "Oh! those blue eyes, those eyes of blue,
 They've broke a gallant spirit's case;
 Oh! cruel fate, 'twas hard of you,
 To tear asunder hearts like these!"

Three noble horses swiftly fly,
 A'long the smooth broad road they go;
 The bell, the gift of our Valdai,
 Sounds mournfully beneath the bow.
 The youth had said his last farewell,
 And madly now pursued his way;
 Yet louder than the tinkling bell,
 You still might hear his plaintive lay.
 "Oh! those blue eyes," etc.

SIMS REEVES' NEW SONG,
 "WHO SHALL BE FAIREST?"

BALLAD,
 BY CHARLES MACKAY,
 COMPOSED BY
 FRANK MORI.

Price 2s. 6d.

Who shall be fairest?
 Who shall be rarest?
 Who shall be first in the songs that we sing?
 She who is kindest
 When fortune is blindest,
 Bearing through Winter the blooms of the Spring.
 Queen of our gladness,
 Friend of our sadness,
 Angel of Life when its pleasures take wing!
 She shall be fairest,
 She shall be rarest,
 She shall be first in the songs that we sing!
 Aye, she shall be first in the songs that we sing.

Who shall be neatest?
 Noblest and dearest?
 Nam'd but with honour and pride evermore?
 He the undaunted,
 Whose banner is planted
 On glory's high ramparts and battlements hoar,
 Fearless of danger,
 To falsehood a stranger,
 Looking not back while there's duty before!
 He shall be neatest,
 He shall be dearest,
 He shall be first in our hearts evermore.
 Aye, he shall be first in our hearts evermore.

MADAME ENDERSOHN'S NEW SONG,
 "THE DESERTED BRIDE,"
 WORDS BY G. P. MORRIS,

Music composed expressly for, and dedicated to MADAME ENDERSOHN, by

M. W. BALFE.

Price 2s. 6d.

Love me! no, he never lov'd me,
 Else he'd sooner die than stain
 One so fond as he has prov'd me
 With the hollow world's disdain,
 False one, go—my doom is spoken,
 And the spell that bound me broken.

Wed him! never!—he has lost me.
 Tend! well, let them flow.
 No; the struggle life may cost me,
 But he'll find that I have pride.
 Love is not an idle flower,
 Blooms and dies the self-same hour.

MR. WEISS'S NEW SONG,
 "OH! BOATMAN, HASTE!"

BARCAROLLE,
 WORDS BY G. P. MORRIS,

Music composed expressly for, and dedicated to MR. WEISS,

BY M. W. BALFE.

Price 2s. 6d.

Oh! boatman, haste! the twilight hour
 Is closing gently o'er the land!
 The sun, whose setting shuts the flow'r, !
 Has look'd his last upon the sea.
 Row then, boatman row!
 Row! ah! we've moon and star,
 And our skiff with the stream is flowing.
 Heigho! heigho! ah! heigho!
 Echo responds to my sad heigho!

Oh, boatman, haste! the sentry calls
 The midnight hour on yonder shore,
 And silv'ry sweet the echo falls
 As music, dripping from the ear!
 Row then, boatman row!
 Row! 'tis day! away, away!
 To the land with the stream we are flowing.
 Heigho! heigho! ah! heigho!
 Echo responds to my sad heigho!

Oh, boatman, haste! the morning beam
 Glides through the fleecy clouds above,
 So breaks o'er life's dark murk'ring stream,
 The rosy dawn of woman's love!
 Row then, boatman row!
 Row! 'tis day! away, away!
 To the land with the stream we are flowing.
 Heigho! dear one, heigho!
 Echo responds to my glad heigho!

BOOSEY and SONS' Musical Library, 28, Holles-street.

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